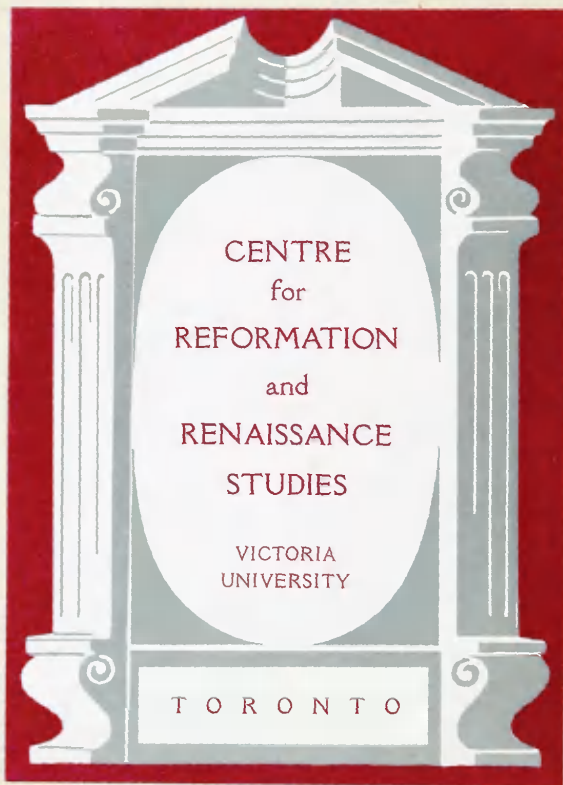


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1885



OTHELLO:

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1622,

A FACSIMILE

(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 34. k. 32.)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. It is to Thomas Walkley, a London bookseller of the day, that we owe the first edition of *Othello*. Thanks to his enterprise the play just escaped being printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, while all the other plays which had been published before that edition appeared had been in print for many years. The entry in the Stationers' Register securing Walkley the copyright is as follows :

1621.—6^o Octobris, 1621.—Tho: Walkley.—Entred for his copie, vnder the handes of Sir George Buck and Mr. Swinhowe, warden, The Tragedie of Othello, the moore of Venice.

In the Folio of 1623, where it next appears in print, *Othello* occupies pp. 310-339 of the Tragedies. The division into Acts and Scenes is with one exception¹ identical with that in modern editions, and "The Names of the Actors," i.e., the *Dramatis Personæ*, are printed at the end of the play.

The 2nd Quarto and third edition was printed in 1630, and this was reprinted in 1655.²

§ 2. The business of the present Introduction being a critical account of the state of the text, any inquiry into the sources of the plot, much more any discussion of the play from a literary standpoint, would be out of place. If, however, we

¹ Act II. Sc. ii. and iii. are one scene in the Folio.

² Langbaine (*English Dram. Poets*, p. 461) mentions a Quarto of 1680—probably an error.

can ascertain how long the play had been in existence before it was printed it will have an important bearing on our subject, for the longer it had been in existence the oftener it will have been liable to be copied, and the oftener it was copied the more numerous the chances of corruption of the text. Certainty on this point depends upon the genuineness of the following statement which is found in a MS. preserved in the Record Office, and which is here copied from the Appendix to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's invaluable "Outlines":

By the King's	Hallamas Day being the first of
Ma ^{tie} s plaiers	Nouembar, A play in the Banket-
	inge house att Whithall called
	The Moor of Venis.

This was November 1st, 1604, and the MS. is entitled "The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles of this whole yeres charge, in anno 1604 untell the last of Octobar, 1605." The copy in question, the only one now known to exist, was exposed by the late Sir Thomas Hardy as a modern forgery of recent date (one of those wicked and senseless forgeries for ever to be execrated by Shakspere students), but there is good reason to believe that a genuine entry once existed of which the forgery is a copy more or less exact. The grounds of this belief are as follows: Malone says (Boswell's Malone, vol. ii. p. 404), "We know it [*Othello*] was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." On this Boswell notes that Malone never expressed himself at random, but regrets that he had not been able to discover the evidence for the statement.¹ Since however the above forgery came to light it has been suggested that the missing evidence was nothing less than the genuine entry as it stood in the books of the Revels before they had been tampered with; at any rate, there can be no doubt that these books then

¹ In a note to Dryden's *Grounds of Criticism*, ed. 1800, p. 258-9, Malone says:—"I formerly thought that *Othello* was one of our great dramatick poet's latest compositions, but I now know from indisputable evidence that this was not the case." See *Athenæum*, July 18th, 1885, p. 90.

lately removed from "a damp, dark room at Westminster" to the "new office in Somerset Place," had been examined by Malone about the year 1791. Early in November that year Malone received a letter (printed in Boswell's *Malone*, vol. iii., p. 363) from Sir William Musgrave, First Commissioner of the Board of Audit, in whose custody the books were kept, offering him facilities for inspecting them, and from his own statement (*Ibid.* p. 361) it is clear that he availed himself of the opportunity. Had he lived to finish the preparation of the 2nd ed. of his *Shakespeare*, which as it was did not appear till nine years after his death, he would doubtless have given us an exact account of his discoveries, including the evidence for the date which he so confidently assigns to *Othello*. This he did not live to do, but among his papers in the Bodleian is a leaf, not in his own hand-writing, which appears to be an abbreviated transcript of that part of the Revels accounts which contained the original of the above quoted forgery. The second performance on the list concerns us here.

1604 & 1605.—Ed^d Tylney.— . . . Hallamas—in the Banqueting ho^s at Whitehall the Moor of Venis—perf^d by the K.'s players.

How or when this paper came into Malone's possession is not known, but it is probably a memorandum drawn up for his use about the time of his visit to the Audit Office in 1791. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps suggests that some similar extract or note from the lost genuine record may have been the material on which the forger drew for his pretended entries.¹

In default of further evidence—and this is the only piece of external evidence that we have—we may then be content to accept 1604 as the date of the first production of the play.² We have no further note of it till 1609, when "Catherine and

¹ Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, ed. 5, pp. 607—613, where the whole question is fully discussed.

² For another forgery relating to the date of *Othello*, see Ingleby, *Complete View of the Shakspeare Controversy*, pp. 261-5.

Dezdimonye, the daughters of William Bishoppe," were baptized at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.¹ Bishoppe had evidently been to see the play. On April 30th, 1610, it was performed at the Globe before the German ambassador and his suite; and it was acted at Court in May, 1613.² This is all we hear of it before the copyright entry of 1621.³

§ 3. We have now to examine the state of the text as it stands in the three editions here compared, the Folio of 1623 (F1), the Quarto of 1630 (Q2) and the Quarto of 1622 (Q1). Of these the Folio is undoubtedly the best text of the three, and must be taken as the standard authority in any edition of the Play. Q2, though inferior to F1, is a great improvement upon Q1, while Q1, though a very respectable version on the whole, is far more faulty and corrupt than either of the others. Thus when the Folio requires correction, it can almost always be corrected from Q2, and if every copy of Q1 had perished the critical loss would be very inconsiderable. This will appear presently, but the fact is the less disparagement to Q1, if it can be shown that in Q2 we merely have the former edition reprinted with additions and corrections.⁴ Nor is this a difficult task. Any one who opens the two Quartos together will be struck by their general resemblance: the stage directions, the arrangement of the lines, the punctuation, spelling and use of capital letters, are all, generally speaking, the same, while the Folio constantly differs. Then as regards verbal differences Q2 varies from Q1 only about half as many times as the Folio does, and of these variations some 33 per cent. are merely corrections of the press. But the origin of Q2 is most clearly shown by the errors or

¹ Halliwell-Phillipps' *Memoranda*, *Othello*, p. 93: *Outlines*, p. 177.

² Boswell's *Malone*, vol. ii., p. 403. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*, pp. 177 and 540.

³ The opposite views which have been held as to the date of the play will be found concisely stated by the Rev. H. P. Stokes, *Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, pp. 113-118.

⁴ So the Cambridge editors thought: "the Quarto of 1630 must have been printed from a copy of the Quarto of 1622, which had received additions and corrections in manuscript."—*Camb. Shakespeare*, vol. viii., p. xvii.

inferior readings of Q₁ which it retains : thus in I. i., 173, the Q^{os} have—

“is there not charmes

By which the property of youth and *manhood*

May be abus'd? ”

Where F₁ has *maidhood*, clearly the right reading.

In II. i., 174, the Q^{os} have—*rifft*, F₁ *kiss'd*.

In II. iii., 207, the Q^{os} have—

“And passion hauing my best iudgement *could*,”

F₁ *collied*.

In IV. ii., 63, the Q^{os} have—

“turne thy complexion there

Patience *thy* young and rose-lip'd cherubin,”

F₁ *thou*.

In V. ii., 363, the Q^{os} have—

“Looke on the tragicke *lodging* of this bed :”

F₁ *loading*.

At the bottom of p. 65, Q₁ (IV. i., 184) we have a crucial instance. After *Othello's* speech, “Was that mine?” with which the page ends, we find the catch-word *Iag.*, whereas p. 66 begins with *Othello's* speech, “I would have him nine yeares a killing.” The speech of *Iago* which has dropt out¹ is found in F₁, but is wanting in Q₂, which reproduces Q₁ almost literatim.

§ 4. There can be no doubt then that in the two Quartos we have substantially the same text, Q₂ being merely a corrected reprint of Q₁. In the Folio, however, we have a text altogether independent and printed from a MS. of higher authority than any known to the printers of the Quartos. To make this clear to the student we will take a few examples, first of passages in which the reading of the Folio is unquestionably superior, secondly of passages in which it might *per se* be a matter of choice, and thirdly of passages in which it requires correc-

¹ *Iago*. Yours by this hand : and to see how he prizes
the foolish woman your wife ; she gaue it
him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

tion. In every case the reading of the two Quartos is the same.

(I.) Passages in which the reading of the Folio is unquestionably superior :—

I. ii., 22—

“ I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall *Seige*.”

Q^{os} *height*.

I. iii., 82—

“ And little blefs'd with the *soft* phraze of Peace.”

Q.^s *set*.

I. iii., 270—

“ No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid, *seele* with wanton dulnesse
My speculatiue, and *offic'd* Instrument.”

Q^{os} *foyles* and *actiue*.

II. i., 65—

“ One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer” [ingener].

Q^{os} *Does beare all (an Q2) excellency*.

II, i., 80—

“ That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make lowes quicke pants in Desdemonaes Armes.”

Q^{os} *And swiftly come to*.

(In the last two instances the Quarto readings are very flat, while the Folio has the true ring.)

II. i., 172—

“ I will *giue* [*gyve* F2] *thee* in thine owne Courtship.”

Q^{os} *Catch you*.

V. i., 106—

“ Do you perceiue the *gaſtnesse* of her eye?”

Q^o *ieastures*.

(2.) In the following though the Folio differs from the Quartos it does not so decidedly differ for the better, and an

editor might fairly regard the reading as a matter of choice, were it not that he would feel bound to give the preference to the text which on other grounds he had decided to be the most authoritative :—

I. iii., 261—

“*Let her haue your voice.*

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not

To please the pallate of my Appetite.”

Q^{OS} *Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will,*

Haue a free way,

I. iii., 275—

“And all indigne, and base aduerfities,

Make head against my *Estimation.*”

Q^{OS} *reputation.*

II. iii., 153—

“I’ll best the Knaue into a *Twiggen-Bottle.*”

Q^{OS} *wicker bottle.*

III. iii., 283—

“*Why do you speake so faintly?*”

Q^{OS} *Why is your speech so faint?*

III. iii., 469—

“What bloody *businesse euer.*”

Q^{OS} *worke so euer.*

IV. ii., 67—

“*Oh thou weed:*

Who art so louely faire,”

Q^{OS} *O thou blacke weede, why art, etc.*

V. ii., 219—

“*I peace? No.*”

Q^{OS} *I hold my peace sir, no.*

(3.) Instances in which the Folio requires correction :—

I. i., 100—

Brabantio is asking *Roderigo* what he means by coming and disturbing him at that time of night, FI “upon malicious *knauerie,*” Q^{OS} with more point, *brauery.*

I. iii., 107—

“Without more *wider*, and more *ouer* Test.”Q^{OS} *certaine ouert.*

I. iii., 159—

“My storie being done,

She gaue me for my paines a world of *kisses*.”Q^{OS} *fighs.*

I. iii., 331—

“If the *braine* of our liues had not one Scale of Reason,
to poize another of Sensualitie.”Q^{OS} *ballance*

II. i., 315—

“Abuse him to the Moore, in the *right* garb.”Q^{OS} *ranke.*

III. iii., 170—

“Who dotes, yet doubts : Suspects yet *foundly* loues.”Q^{OS} *strongly.*

IV. i., 102—

“And his vnbookish Ieloufie must *conserue*Poor *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaviours

Quite in the wrong.”

Q^{OS} *conster.*

V. i., 1—

“Heere, stand behinde this *Barke*.”Q^{OS} *bulke*.¹

These are fair specimens of the variations in question, and the conclusion to which they point is fully confirmed by a comparison of the texts in detail. It will be evident that the result we have arrived at is that the Quarto and Folio are printed from different MSS., and are quite independent of each other.

§ 5. That this is not usually the case is well known, for, as has been pointed out by the Cambridge Editors, where a Quarto

¹ Probably iv. ii., 54-55—

“The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne
To point his *flow* and *moving* finger at!”

Q^{OS} *flow* *unmoving*,—should be classed here, but it is a disputed passage.

edition of a play existed, the Folio text was usually printed from that edition; but in the case of *Othello* we have an exception to the rule, and the Quarto of 1622, if known at all to the editors of 1623, may well be one of those "maimed and deformed" copies, with which they tell us the public was "abus'd." It is, however, very uncertain if they ever saw it before the Folio was ready for publication. The whole volume, though bearing the date 1623, may have been seen through the press and on the eve of publication, before the 1622 Quarto appeared. That this Quarto should have appeared at all, so long after the play was produced, is somewhat remarkable. No first edition of any play of Shakspeare had been published for thirteen years, and in no case had so long an interval elapsed between its production on the stage and its first appearance in print. The last to appear had been *Troilus and Cressida* and *Pericles*, both published in 1609. No doubt "stolen copies" of so popular a play as *Othello* would have been as eagerly bought up as *Hamlet* or *Henry IV.*, but, taught perhaps by experience, and stimulated to greater vigilance by the very popularity of the play as an acting piece, the proprietors of the MSS. had managed for years to keep copies out of the printers hands. At last Thomas Walkley, of the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Bursse,¹ hearing that a complete and authentic edition of Shakspeare's plays was preparing for publication, and might be expected shortly to appear, "thought good to take the work upon him," of bringing out at least one of the hitherto unprinted plays, and so far forestalling the sale of the expected volume. He could not afford to be too particular, and accordingly printed the best MS. he could get hold of. This seems to have been a disused actor's or prompter's copy, in which many lines were omitted in order to shorten the play for representation, while the oaths and expletives which it contained, and which Thomas Walkley has not excised,

¹ He had already published Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and no King*, 1619, and *Phylaster*, 1620, and as late as 1640 he was still in business; but *Othello* is the only play of Shakspeare he issued.

as he would have done if he had been as careful to observe the Act of 1606 as the publishers of the Folio, show that it was not a copy then in use at the theatre. These expressions it may be noted are only partly cut out or altered in the Quarto of 1630.

§ 6. A few words on the omissions and errors in Thomas Walkley's Quarto. Owing to these omissions, the play is about 160 lines shorter than in the Folio, and an examination of the omitted passages shows that apart from the "cuts" there are many lines which have dropt out owing to the carelessness either of the copyist or the compositor.¹ Errors enough will be found by any one who reads this Facsimile. Here are a few examples of errors of the eye, for there is no appearance of the "copy" having been obtained from short-hand notes taken at a performance; such a version, had it existed, would have been printed earlier: — "affigned" for "affined": "dounes" for "dawes": "youth" for "vouch": "hauen" for "heauen": "another" for "a noble": "by feas" for "high feas": "ftored" for "fcored": "left" for "loft": "gnat" for "quat": "returne" for "relume." But the variations of this Quarto from the Folio are very numerous, and any one who takes the trouble to compare the two will see that more than half are variations for the worse. Out of 168 instances, I have only found 28 in which the 1622 Quarto gives us undoubtedly the best reading, and of these 28 all but 4 are common to it and the 1630 Quarto. These 4 instances are:—

I. i., 25—

"Wherein the *toged* Confuls can propofe."

Q2 *tongued*, F1 *Tongued*.

I. i., 183—

"And raife fome fpeciall Officers of *night*:"

Q2 & F1 *might*.

¹ E.g. the following: I. iii., 16; 118; 124; 194: II. i., 158: III. iii., 325: IV. i., 38-44; 184: IV. ii., 73-76. The following look like "cuts": I. i., 122-138 (16 lines): I. iii., 25-30 (5 lines): III. i., 384-390 (7½ lines): IV. iii., 32-52 (22 lines): 54-57 (4 lines): 87-104 (18 lines): V. ii., 185-193 (9 lines).

II. i., 105—

“when I ha *lift* to sleepe,”

Q2 & F1 *leane*.

II. i., 231—

“there should be, againe to inflame it . . .”

Q2 & F1 *a game*.¹

§ 7. What then was the source of the Folio text? If not the actual MS. of the author—a supposition which however improbable is improbable on other grounds than the state of the text—at any rate a copy which was in the main a faithful transcript of that MS., such as his fellow-players may have been expected to possess and to use for their edition, the more correct and the more jealously guarded owing to the enduring popularity of the play as a stage production. Whether Shakspeare had to any extent revised this copy or not is open to question. The Cambridge editors at any rate countenance such a supposition: “some [passages],” they say, “which we find only in the later editions look like afterthoughts of the author.”—Pref., vol. viii., p. xvii. Whether Shakspeare ever revised his work at all after he

¹ The following, which I have noted since the first revise, may probably be added—

III. iii., 395—

“Would you, the *superuiſor* groſſely gape on.”

Q2 & F1 *superuision*.

IV. i., 78—

“A paffion moſt *vnſuting* ſuch a man.”

Capell's copy of Q1 & Q2 *vnſiting*. F1 *reſulting*, clearly a corruption of *vnſuting*.

IV. iii., 23—

“All's one good *faith*: how fooliſh are our minds?”

Q2 *father*. F1 *Father*.

V. i., 123—

“As I: *fough*, ſie vpon thee.”

Q2 *now*. F1 As I? Fie, &c.

And of courſe the places where Q1 preſerves oaths, &c., cut out in the later editions: e.g.—

III. iv., 81—

“Heauen bleſſe vs.”

Q2 & F1 omit “Heauen.”

IV. ii., 197—

“by this hand, I ſay tis very ſcuruy.”

Q2 omits “by this hand.” F1 Nay I think it is ſcuruy.

had once handed over his MS. to the theatre is a disputed point which it would be out of place to discuss here. It will be enough to refer to three passages—the absence of which from Q1 is the least likely to be due to intentional excision; for it is difficult to suppose that the most prosaic “cutter” would not have spared them, if he had found them in his copy. They are (1) the simile of the Pontic Sea, III. i., 454-460; (2) Desdemona’s solemn protest, IV. ii., 152-164; and (3) the “sea-mark” passage, V. ii., 266-272. These are the only passages that can with any confidence be set down as afterthoughts or additions, and one cannot feel confident even about these.

Having thus attempted to establish the claims of the Folio to rank as the standard text, we will submit to the student the following figures, which, while summing up previous statements, will enable him to estimate its value at a glance. The instances counted are fairly representative of the whole:—

Out of 85 instances in which Q^{os} 1 & 2 agree, while F1 differs,

Q^{os} 1 & 2 have the preferable reading 24 times.

F1 has the preferable reading 38 „

Reading *per se* indifferent 23 „

Out of 85 instances in which Q2 & F1 agree, while Q1 differs,

Q2 & F1 have the preferable reading 53 times.

Q1 has the preferable reading 6 „

Reading *per se* indifferent 26 „

Thus out of 170 instances F1 has the better reading 91 times, Q2 77 times, and Q1 30 times.

§ 8. The present facsimile has been photographed by Mr. Praetorius from the British Museum copy. The only divisions are Acts II., IV. and V., but as in the other facsimiles of this series, the divisions and line numbers of the “Globe” edition are printed on the margin. The sign < marks an omis-

sion which will be found in the Folio ; * that the line does not occur in the Folio, but such lines are very few ; † that the passage as it stands is manifestly faulty or corrupt and requires correction ; this sign has not been used to mark merely an inferior reading.¹

HERBERT A. EVANS.

¹ The initials N.O. on the imprint are those of Nicholas Okes. The device is the same as that on the title of *King Lear* Q1, and an account of it will be found in Mr. P. A. Daniel's Introduction to that Quarto, p. iv.

The Names of the Actors.

(: * * :)

Thello, *the Moore.*Brabantio, *Father to*
*Desdemona.*Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*Iago, *a Villaine.*Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
*Duke of Venice.**Senators.*Montano, *Gouvernour of Cyprus.**Gentlemen of Cyprus.*Lodouico, *and Gratiano, two**Noble Venetians.**Saylors.**Clowne.*Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

THE
Tragoedy of Othello,
The Moore of Venice.

*As it hath beene diuerſe times acted at the
Globe, and at the Black Friers, by
his Maieſties Seruants.*

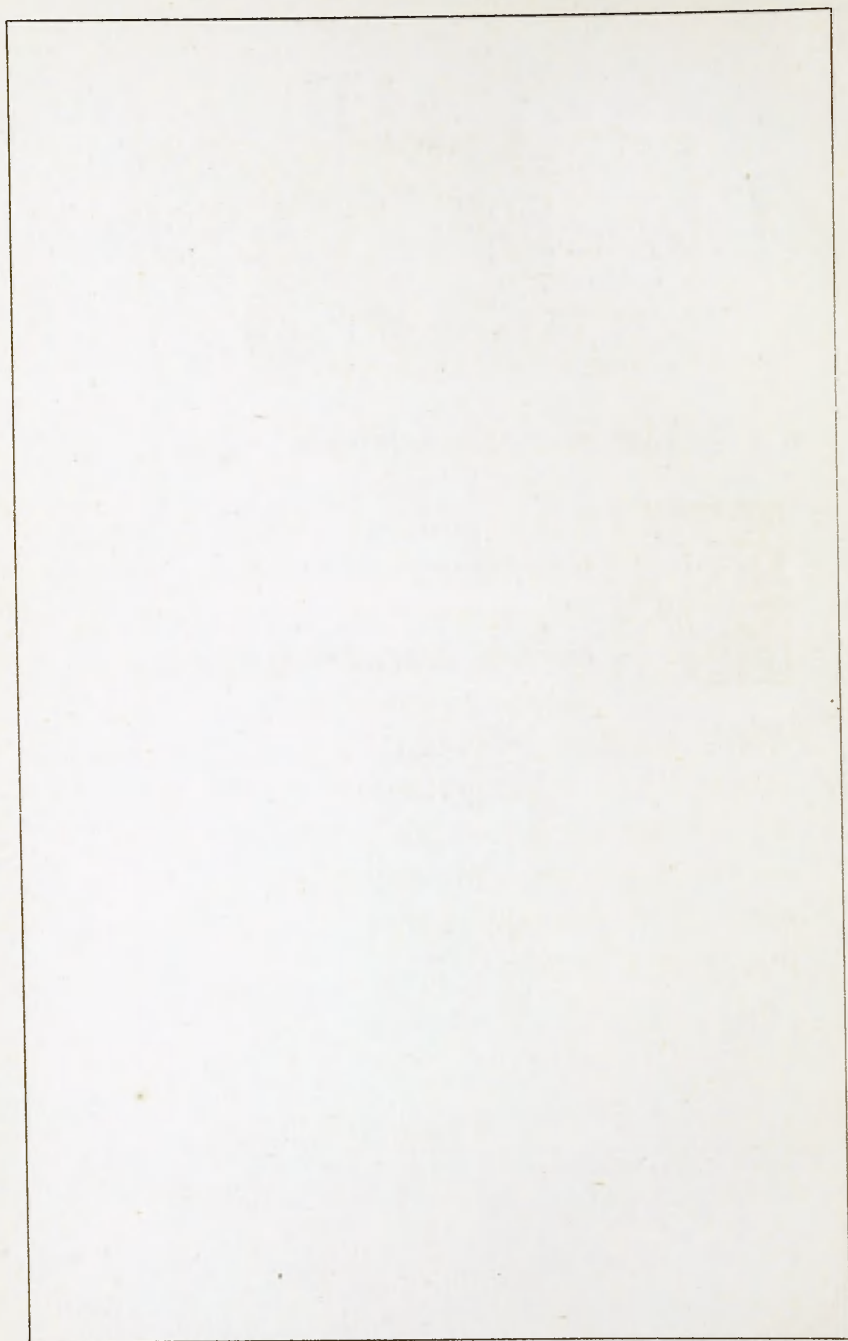
Written by VVilliam Shakespeare.



L O N D O N,

Printed by N. O. for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold, at his
ſhop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Burſſe.

1 6 2 2.





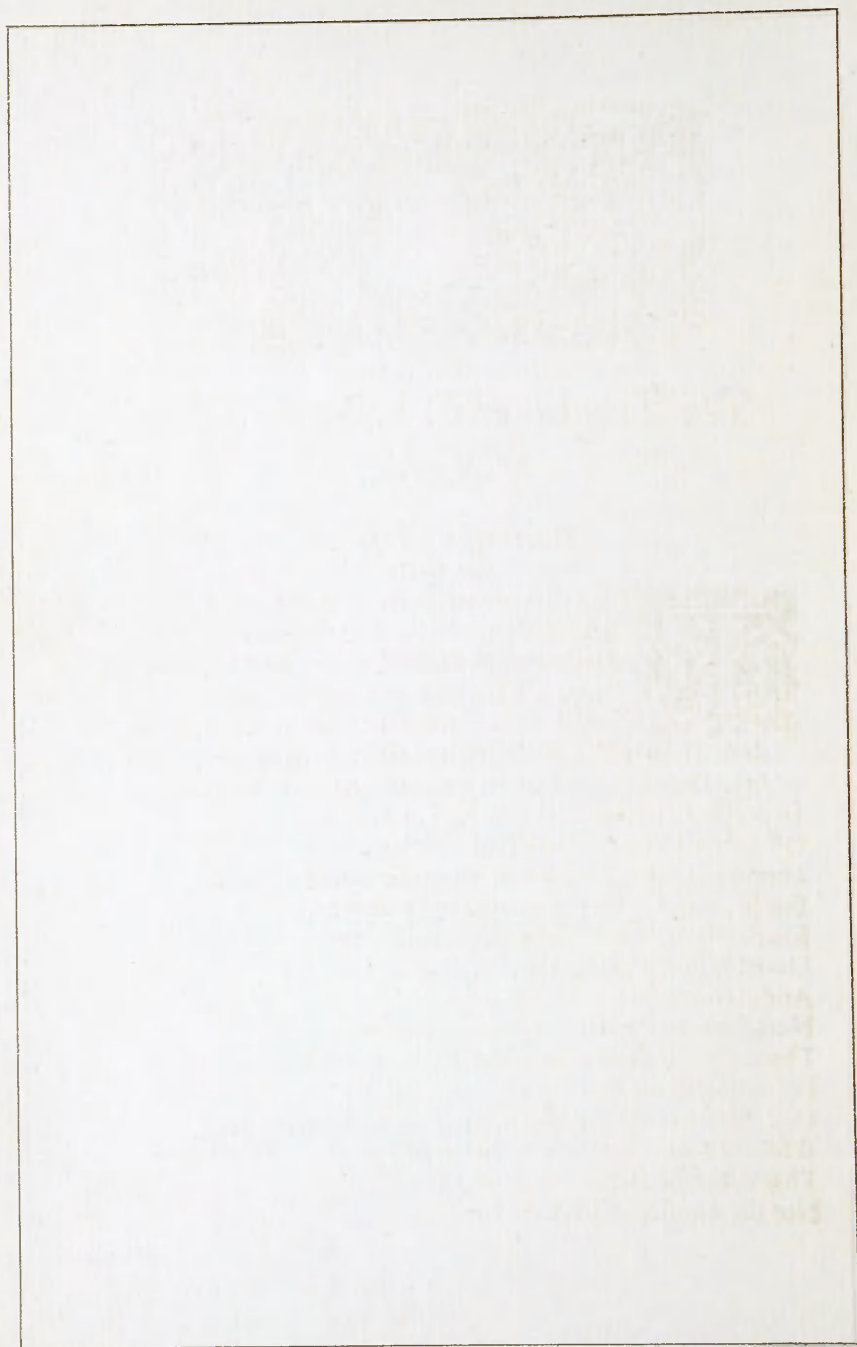
The Stationer to the Reader.



Set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English proverbe, A blew coat without a badge, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee : To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope every man will commend, without intreaty : and I am the bolder, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement : I haue ventured to print this Play, and leaue it to the generall censure.

Yours,

Thomas VValkley.





The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Roderigo.

Tush, neuer tell me, I take it much unkindly
That you *Iago*, who has had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.
Iag. S'blood, but you will not heare me.
If euer I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iag. Despise me if I doe not : three great ones of the City
In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant,
Of capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,
Euzdes them, with a bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stuff with Epithites of warre :
And in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators : for certes, sayes he,
I haue already chosen my officer, and what was he ?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetition,
One *Michael Cassio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,
That neuer set a Squadron in the field,
Nor the deuision of a Battell knowes,

B

More

Act I. sc. i.

4

8

12

16

1

20

Images of Vnrich

More then a Spinster, vnlesse the bookish Theorique,
Wherein the toged Consuls can propose

As masterly as he : meere prattle without practise,
Is all his souldier-shuppe ; but he sir had the election,

And I, of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe,

At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,

Christian and Heathen, must be led, and calm'd,

By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-caster :

He in good time, must his Lieutenant be,

And I, God bleffe the marke, his Worships Ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Ia. But there's no remedy,

Tis the curse of seruice,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,

Not by the olde gradation, where each second

Stood heire to the first :

Now sir be iudge your selfe,

Whether I, in any iust tearme am assign'd
to loue the Moore.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Ia. O sir, content you.

I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,

We cannot be all masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly followed, you shall marke.

Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,

That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,

Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,

Fornoughe but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,

Whip mee such honest knaues :

Others there are, who trimd in formes,

And vissages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,

Attending on themselves, and throwing

But shewes of seruice on their Lords,

Doe well thrue by 'em,

And when they haue lin'd their coates,

Doe themselves homage,

Those fellows haue some soule,

And

the Moore of Venice.

Li

And such a one doe I professe my selfe, --- for sir,
 It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
 Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
 In following him, I follow but my selfe.
 Heauen is my iudge, not I,
 For loue and duty, but seeming so,
 For my peculiar end.
 For when my outward action does demonstrate
 The natue act, and figure of my heart,
 In complement externe, tis not long after,
 But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
 For Doves to pecke at,
 I am not what I am.

56

59-60

64

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
 If he can carry't thus?

Ia. Call vp her father,
 Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
 Proclaime him in the streete, incense her Kinsmen,
 And thoe in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies: tho that his ioy be ioy.
 Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
 As it may loose some colour.

68

72

Rod. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Ia. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
 As when by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous Citties.

76

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,

Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
 Theeues, theeues, theeues:
 Looke to your house, you Daughter, and your bags.
 Theeues, theeues,

80

Brabantio at a window.

Brab. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
 What is the matter there?

Rod. Seignior, is all your family within?

Ia. Are all doore lockts?

84

B 2

†

Brab

1.1.

The Tragedy of Othello

Brab. Why, wherefore aske you this?

Iag. Zounds sir you are robd., for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tugging your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandfire of you, arise I say.

Brab. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome,

I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir.

Bra. What, tellst thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

Iag. Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if
the Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke
we are Russians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary
horse; youle haue your Nephewes ney to you; youle haue Courfers
for Coufens, and Iennits for *Iermans*.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the
Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra.

the Moore of Venice.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,

I.i.

120

121

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
 (As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
 At this odde Even and dull watch o'th' night
 Transported with no worse nor better guard,
 But with a knave of common hire, a Gendelier,
 To the grosse clasps of a lascivious Moore:
 If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
 We then have done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
 But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
 We have you wrong rebukes. Do not believe
 That from the senses of all Civilities,
 I thus would play the trifle with your Reverence.
 Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
 I say againe, hath made a grosse revolt,
 Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
 In an extravagant, and wheeking Stranger,
 Of here, and every where: straight satisfie your selfe.

The Tragedy of Othello

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Iag. Lounds sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne.

Your heart is burst,
Euen now, very now
Is tuppung your wh
Awake the snorting
Or else the Diuell v

Brab. What, haue

Rod. Most reuer

Bra. Not I, wha

Rod. My name

Bra. The worst

I haue charg'd thee
In honest plaineness
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Being full of supper
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Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

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My spirit and my pla
To make this bitter

Rod. Patience ge

Bra. What, tell

My house is not a ge

Rod. Most graue

In simple and pure si

Iag. Louns Sir, y
the Deuill bid you. I

we are Ruffians, you

horse; youle haue ye

for Cousens, and Ien

Bra. What prop

Iag. I am one sir

Moore, are now mak

Bra. Thou art a v

Iag. You are a S

the Moore of Venice.

Li

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo*.

120

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing : But I beseech you,
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Justice of the state,
For this delusion.

121

139

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho :
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people :
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleeve of it oppresses me already :
Light I say, light.

144

Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
How euer this may gaul him with some checke,
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbarck'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
Which euen now stands in act, that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely
Finde him : lead to the Sagittar, the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

148

152

156

160

Exit.

*Enter Barbantio in his night gowne, and seruants
with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come, of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her ? O vnhappy girl,
With the Moore saist thou ? who would be a father ?
How didst thou know twas she ? O thou deceiuest me
Past thought : what said she to you ? get more tapers,

164

Li

The Tragedy of Othello

168 Raise all my kindred, are they married thinke you ?

Rod. Truly I thinke they are.

172 *Bra.* O heaven, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
Fathers from hence, trust not your Daughters mindes,
By what you see them act, is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing.

Rod. I haue sir.

176 *Bra.* Call vp my brother : O that you had had her,
Some one way, some another; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

180 *Rod.* I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray leade me on, at euery house Ile call,
I may command at most : get weapons ho,
And raise some speciall Officers of night :
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deferue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

184

lii

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.

† *Ia.* Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
† Yet doe I hold it very stuf of Conscience.
† To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
† Sometimes to doe me seruice : nine or ten times,
† I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

8 *Iag.* Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking tearmes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him : but I pray sir,
12 Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And bath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what restraint, and greuance,
16 That law with all his might to inforce it on,

Weele

THE TRAGEDIE OF V. C. I. I. C. C.

Lii

Weele giue him cable,

Oth. Let him doe his spite,
My seruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall our tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
That boasting is an honour,
I shall prouulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerits,
May speake vnbonnited to as proud a fortune

As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,

But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,

I would not, my vnhouse'd free condition,

Put into circumscription and confine

For the seas worth, *Enter Cassio with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder. *and torches.*

Ia. These are the rais'd Father and his friends,
You were best goe in:

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest me rightly: it is they.

Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.

Oth. The seruants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant,
The goodnesse of the night vpon your friends,
What is the newes,

Cas. The Duke does greete you Generall,
And he requires your hast, post hast appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter thinke you:

Cas. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes
Haue sent a dozen frequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found.
The Senate sent about three seuerall quests
To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you.

Lii.

The Trageay of Othello

He spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Caf. Auncient, what makes he here?

Ia. Faith he to night, hath boarded a land Carrick.
If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

Caf. I doe not vnderstand.

Ia. Hee's married,

Caf. To who?

*Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights
and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to. --- Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha, with who?

Caf. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduise,

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Cra. Downe with him theife.

Ia. You *Roderigo*, Come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust em,
Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Dambd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

For ile referre me to all thing of sense, (IF SHE IN CHARMS OF MAGICKE HATH ENCHAINED ME)

Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shund

The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,

Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)

Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome

Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight,

Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charms,

Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,

That weakens Motion. We haue't disputed on,

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;

The Moore of Venice.

Lii.

Were it my Qu. to fight, I should haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe.
And answer this your charge?

84

Bra. To prison till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session,
Call thee to answer.

Orh. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To beare me to him.

85

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

92

Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away,
Mine's not an idle cause, the Duke him selfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslaues, and Pagans, shal our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

96

*Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table with lights
and Attendants.*

Liii.

Duke. There is no Composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeede they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies.

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

4

2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust account,
As in these cases, where they aym'd reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkish* fleete, and bearing vp to *Cypresse*.

+

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I doe not so secure me to the error,
But the mayne Articles I doe approue

8

Lii.

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Damnd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

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66 Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shund

68 The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,

Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)

Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome

74 Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight,

Such an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant?

Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,

Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands:

Both you of my inclining and the rest,

Were

The Moore of Venice.

I.ii.

Were it my Qu. to fight, I should haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
And answer this your charge?

84

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As in these cases, where they aym'd reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A Turkish fleete, and bearing vp to Cypresse.

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I doe not so secure me to the error,
But the mayne Articles I doe approue

8

The Tragedy of Othello

In searefull sense.

Enter a Messenger.

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Sailor. A messenger from the Galley.

Du. Now, the businesse?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the state.

Du. How say you by this change?

Sena. This cannot be by no assay of reason---

Tis a Pageant,

To keepe vs in false gaze: when we consider

The importancy of *Cypresse* to the *Turke*:

And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,

That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,

So may he with more facile question beare it.

For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,

But altogether lackses th' abilities

That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,

We must not thinke the *Turke* is so unskillfull,

To leave that latest, which concernes him first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine

To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio,
Desdemona, and Officers.*

Sena. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,

Against the generall enemy *Ottoman*;

I did not see you, welcome gentle Seignior,

We lacke your counsell, and your helpe to night,

Bra.

The Moore of Venice.

Liii.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care
Take any hold of me, for my particular griefes,
Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engults and swallowes other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Du. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:

She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,
For nature so preposterously to erre,
Sauce witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne sense, tho our proper sonne
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approoued good maisters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
Till now some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd

The Tragedy of Othello

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And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,

That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,

So may he with more facile question beare it.

Du. And in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*.

Officers. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Messenger.*

Mes. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due course, toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted with an after fleet

MES. Of 30. saile, and now they doe refterine

Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance.

Their purposes towards *Cypresse* : Seignior *Montano*,

Your trusty and most valiant seruitor ;

With his free duty recommends you thus,

And prays you to belecue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypresse*,

Marcus Luccicos is not here in Towne.

I Sena. Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, with him post, post hast dispatch:

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio,
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Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and swallowes other sorrowes,
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And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
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Stood in your action.

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Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

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Da. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approoued good maisters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
Till now some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd

The Tragedy of Othello

Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speake,
 More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battraile,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
 I will a round vnuarnish'd tale deliuer,
 Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
 What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
 (For such proceedings am I charg'd withall)
 I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of spirit,
 So still and quiet, that her motion
 Blusht at her selfe: and she in spite of nature,
 Of yeares, of Countrey, credit, euery thing,
 To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?
 It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,
 That will confesse perfection, so would erre
 Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen,
 To finde out practises of cunning hell,
 Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
 That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
 Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,
 He wrought vpon her.

Des. To youth this is no proesse,
 Without more certaine and more ouert test,
 These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
 Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

I Sena. But *Othello* speake,
 Did you by indirect and forced courses,
 Subdue and poison this young maides affections?
 Or came it by request, and such faire question,
 As soule to soule affoordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
 Send for the Lady to the Sagittar,
 And let her speake of me before her father;
 If you doe finde me foule in her report,
 Not onely take away, but let your sentence

The Moore of Venice.

I.iii

Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. *Exit two or three.*

720

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as faithfull as to heauen,
So iustly to your graue eares I'll present,
How I did thrue in this faire Ladyes loue,
And she in mine.

723

725

Du. Say it *Othello*.

Oth. Her Father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare; the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past:

728

I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me, tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of mooting accident of flood and field;
Of heire-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach;

732

736

Of being taken by the insolent foe;
And sold to slauey, and my redemption thence,
And with it all my trauels Historie;
Wherein of Antrees vast, and Deserts idle, = CAVE
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heauen,
It was my hent to speake, such was the proceesse:

740

And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders: this to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;

744

But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
And euer as she could with hast dispatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my discourse; which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
But not intentinely, I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,

748

752

C 3

When 756

The Tragedy of Othello

When I did speake of some distressed stroake
 That my youth suffered : my story being done;
 She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes;
 She swore Ifaith twas strange, twas passing strange ;
 Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;
 She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
 That Heauen had made her such a man: she thanked me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I spake:
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.
 And I lou'd her that she did pittie them.
 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
 Here comes the Lady,
 Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to, ---
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
 Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
 Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
 Destruction lye on me, if my bad blame
 Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
 Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
 To you I am bound for life and education,
 My life and education both doe learne me
 How to respect you, you are Lord of all my duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband:
 And so much duty as my mother shewed
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge, that I may professe,
 Due to the Moore my Lord,

Bra,

The Moore of Venice.

Iiii.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done :

Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires ;

I had rather to adopt a child then get it ;

Come hither Moore :

I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart, WHICH BUT THOU HAST ALREADY

I would keepe from thee : for your sake Iewell,

I am glad at soule. I haue no other child,

For thy escape would teach me tyranny,

To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence

Which as a greefe or step may helpe these louers

Into your fauour.

When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,

To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,

Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on ;

What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,

Patience her iniury a mockery makes.

The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,

He robs himselfe, that spends a bootlesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,

We lose it not so long as we can smile ;

He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,

But the free comfort, which from thence he heares :

But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,

That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.

These sentences to sugar, or to gall,

Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall :

But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,

That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare :

Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cipras* :

Othello, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho we

haue there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a so-

ueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you; you

must therefore bee content to stubber the glosse of your new for-

tones, with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. The tyrant custome most great Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Cooch of warre,
My thrice driuen bed of downe : I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I finde in hardnesse, and would vnderrake
This present warres against the *Ottomises*,
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my wife,
Due reuerence of place and exhibition,
Which such accomodation? and besort
As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. He not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Desd. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: most gracious Duke,
To my vnfoldings lend a gracious eare,
And let me finde a charter in your voyce,
And if my simplenesse. ---

Du. What would you ---- speake.

Des. That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and scorne of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world: my hearts subdued,
Fuen to the utmost pleasure of my Lord:
I saw *Othelloes* visage in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soule and fortunes, consecrate:
So that deere Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim shall support,
By his deare absence, let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will,
Haue a free way, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects

The Moore of Venice.

I.iii.

In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
 But to be free and bounteous of her mind,
 And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke
 I will your serious and good businesse scant,
 For she is with me; --- no, when light-wingd toyes,
 And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
 My speculatiue and actiue instruments,
 That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
 Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,
 And all indigne and base aduersities,
 Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,
 Either for stay or going, the affaires cry hast,
 And speede must answer, you must hence to night,

Desd. To night my Lord?

Du. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Du. At ten i' the morning here weel meete againe.
Othello, leaue some officer behind,
 And he shall our Commission bring to you,
 With such things else of quality or respect,
 As doth concerne you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
 A man he is of honesty and trust,
 To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
 With what else needefull your good Grace shall thinke,
 To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so:
 Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
 If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
 Your son in law is faire more faire then blacke.

Sena. Adue brauc Moore, vsc *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to see,
 She has deceiu'd her father, may doe thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith: honest *Iago*,
 My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
 I preedice let thy wife attend on her,

D

And

The Tragedy of Othello

And bring her after in the best aduantage ;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago.

Exit Moore and Desdemona.

Iag. What saiest thou noble heart ?

Rod. What will I doe thinkest thou ?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it,
Why, thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we
haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physition:

Iag. I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares,
and since I could distinguish betweene a benefite, and an iniury, I ne-
uer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe : ere I would say
I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would
change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do ? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond,
but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue ? a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus,
our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiniers, so that
if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed vp Time;
supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many ; ei-
ther to haue it sterill with Idlenesse, or manur'd with Industry, why
the power, and corrigible Authority of this, lies in our wills. If the
ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of
sensuality; the blood and basenesse of our natures, would conduct
vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole
our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts ; whereof
I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will:
Come, be a man ; drowne thy selfe ? drowne Cats and blinde Pup-
pies : I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deser-
uing, with cables of perdurable roughnesse ; I could neuer better
steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these warres,
defeate

The Moore of Venice.

lili

defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore, --- put money in thy purse, -- nor be to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequetation: put but money in thy purse. --- These Moores are changeable in their wills: --- fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as acerbe as the Colloquintida. When shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse: if thou wilt needes damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her; therefore make money, --- a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way: seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes?

Iag. Thou art sure of me --- goe, make money --- I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is harted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be communicatiue in our reuenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euents in the womb of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell: --- doe you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. what say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd. LET SELL ALL MY LAND. *Exit Roderigo.*

Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:

Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:

For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,

I.iii

The Tragedy of Othello

And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheets
 Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
 Yet I, for meere suspicion in that kind,
 Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
 The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
 To get this place, and to make vp my will,
 A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me see,
 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,
 That he is too familiar with his wife:
 He has a person and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
 The Moore a free and open nature too,
 That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose --- as Asses are:
 I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

II.i

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

*Enter Montanio, Governour of Cypres, with
two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

What from the Cape can you discern at Sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
 I cannot twixt the haven and the mayne
 Descry a saile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
 A fuller blast we're shooke our Battlements:
 If it ha'ruffian'd so vpon the sea,
 What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine mæs it,

Can

The Moore of Venice.

II.i.

Can hold the morties, --- What shall we heare of this ?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* Fleete :
For doe but stand vpon the banning shore,
The chiding billow seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The winde shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water, on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'eu' fired pole,
I neuer did, like molestation view,
On the inchaſed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
Be not in shelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible they beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes Lords, your warres are done :
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their designement halts : Another shippe of *Venice* hath scene
A greuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the Fleete.

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in :
A *Veroneſſa*, *Michael Caſſio*,
Leutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come aſhore : the Moore himſelfe at Sea,
And is in full Commiſſion here for *Cypres*,

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouvernour.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, tho he ſpeake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,
And prayes the Moore be ſafe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempeſt.

Mon. Pray Heaven he be :

For I haue ſeru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier :
Lets to the ſea ſide, ho.
As well to ſee the veſſell that's come in,

D 3

As

The Tragedy of Othello

As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,

3 Gent. Come, lets doe so,

For euery minute is expectancy

Of more arriuance,

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this worthy Isle,

That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens

Glue him defence against their Elements,

For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate

Of very expert and approu'd allowance,

Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mess. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
otand ranckes of people, and they cry a saile.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.

2 Gent. They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least.

A shot.

Cas. I pray you fir goe forth,

And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd.

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,

Thas parragons description, and wild fame:

One that excells the blasoning pens,

And in the essentiall vesture of creation,

Does beare all excellency: --- now, who has put in?

Enter 2. Gentleman.

2 Gent. Tis one *Lago*, ancient to the Generall,

He has had most fauourable and happy speede,

Tempests themselves, by seas, and howling windes,

The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,

Traitors enserped; to clog the guiltlesse Keele,

As hauing fence of beauty, do omit

Their common natures, letting goe safely by

The Moore of Venice.

II.i

The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Caf. She that I spoke of, our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speede --- great *Ioue* *Othella* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, and Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.
And bring all *Cypresse* comfort, --- O behold
The riches of the ship is come ashore.
Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Desd. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Caf. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.

Desd. O but I feare: --- how lost you company?

[within.] A saile, a saile.

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, A saile.

A *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Cittadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Caf. So speakes this voyce:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That gines me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. For would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,
You'd haue enough.

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. Alas ! shee has no speech.

Iag. I know too much ;

I finde it, I, for when I ha list to sleepe,
 Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
 She purs her tongue alittle in her hearr,
 And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:
 Bells in your Parlors : Wildcats in your Kitchens:
 Saints in your iniuries : Diuells being offended :
 Players in your housewifery ; and housewifes in your beds.

Des. O he vpon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
 You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Desd. What wouldst thou write of me,
 If thou shouldst praise me ?

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
 For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Desd. Come on, assay -- there's one gone to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Desd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise :
 Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
 Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
 It plucks out braine and all : but my Muse labors,
 And thus she is deliuer'd :

If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;
 The one's for vie, the other vsing it.

Desd. Well praise : how if she be blacke and witty ?

Iag. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
 Shee'll finde a white, that shall her blacknesse hit.

Desd. Worse and worse.

Em. How if faire and foolish ?

Iag. She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,

For

The Moore of Venice.

II.i

For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire,

Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the Alehouse,
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolisha?

Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.

Des. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what
praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one,
that in the authority of her meritts, did intly put on the vouch of
very malice it selfe?

Iag. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisdom, neuer was so fraile,
To change the Codshhead for the Salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
She was a wight, if euer such wight were.

Des. To doe what?

Iag. To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home Madam, you may relish him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper: as little a
webbe as this will ensnare as great a Flee as *Cassio*. I smile vpon
her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courtesies: you say true,
tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leiu-
nantry, it had beene better you had not rist your three fingers so oft,
which now againe, you are most apt to play the fir in: good, well
kist, an excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at
your lips? Would they were Clisterpipes for your sake. — The
Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Trumpets within,

E

Enter

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The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Cas. Tis truly so.

Des. Lets meete him, and receiue him.

Cas. Loe, where he comes.

Oth. O my faire Warriour.

Des. My deare *Othello*.

Oth. It giues me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me : O my soules ioy,
If after euery tempest, come such calmenesse,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,
And let the labouring Barke clime hills off seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen : If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknowne Fate,

Des. The Heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts should increase,
Euen as our dayes doe growe.

Oth. Amen to that sweete power,
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me heere, it is too much of ioy :
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *they kisse.*
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But Ile set downe the pegs, that make this musique,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle :
Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drown'd :
How doe our old acquaintance of the Isle ;
Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cypres* ;
I haue found great loue amongst them : O my sweete,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
In mine one comforts : I preethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers ;
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell ;

He

The Moore of Venice.

II.i.

He is a good one, and his worthinesse,
Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Exit.

Iag. Doe thou meete me presently at the Harbour: come hither,
If thou beeest valiant, as they say, base men being in loue, haue then
a Nobility in their natures, more then is native to them --- list me,
the Leutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will
tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed: marke
me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging,
and telling her fantastical lies; and will she loue him still for pra-
ting? let not the discreet heart thinke so. Her eye must be fed, and
what delight shall she haue to look on the Diuell? When the blood
is made dull with the act of sport, there should be againe to inflame
it, and giue society a fresh appetite. Louelines in fauour, sympathy
in yeares, manners and beauties; all which the Moore is defective in:
now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tender-
nesse will finde it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, disrellish
and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and com-
pell her to some second choyce: now sir, this granted, as it is a most
pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the de-
gree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farther
conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and hand-
seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and hidden affecti-
ons: A subtle slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an
eye, can stampe and counterfeit the true aduantages neuer present
themselves. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those
requisites in him that folly and green mindes look after; a pestilent
complete knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleue that in her, shee's full of most blest con-
dition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine shee drinkes is made of grapes: if
she had bene blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst
thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and prologue to the hi-
story.

212

216

220

224

228

232

236

240

244

248

< 3 words

252

256

< 2 words

260

< 4 words

< 3 words

264

The Tragedy of Othello.

story of lust and foule thoughts : they met so neere with their lips,
that their breathes embrac'd together. When these mutualities
so marshall the way, hand at hand, comes the maine exercise, the in-
corporate conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought
you from *Venice* : watch you to night, for your command I'll lay't
vpon you, *Cassio* knowes you not, I'll not be farre from you, do you
finde some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
tainting his discipline, or from what other cause you please ; which
the time shall more fauourably minister.

Rod. Well,

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddain in choler, and haply with his
Trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out
of that, will I cause these of *Cypres* to mutiny, whose qualification
shall come into no true trust again't, but by the displanting of *Cassio*.
So shall you haue a shorter journey to your desires by the meanes I
shal then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, most profitably re-
mou'd, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the Cittadell; I must
fetch his necessaries ashore. --- Farewell.

Rod. Adue.

Exit.

Iag. That *Cassio* loues her, I doe well belecue it ;
That she loues him, tis apt and of great credit ;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, louing nature ;
And I dare thinke, hee be prone to *Desdemona*,
A most deere husband : now I doe loue her too,
Not out of absolute lust, tho peraduenture,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my seate, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous minerall quaw my inwards,
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife :
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a Iealousie so strong,

That

The Moore of Venice.

II.i.

That Iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe,
 If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I crush,
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll haue out *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
 (For I feare *Cassio*, with my nightcap to)
 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an Ass,
 And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
 Euen to madnesse: tis here, but yet confus'd,
 Knaueries plaine face is neuer seene, till vs'd.

312

316

320

Exit.

Enter a Gentleman reading a Proclamation.

II.ii.

It is *Othello's* pleasure; our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arrived, importing the meete perdition of the *Turkish* Fleete; that euery man put himselfe into triumph: Some to dance, some make bonfires; each man to what sport and Reuels his minde leades him; for besides these beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptrialls: So much was his pleasure should bee proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this present houre of five, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen bleesse the Isle of *Cypres*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

4

8

12

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

II.iii.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,
 Lets teach our selues the honourable stoppe,
 Not to our sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath directed what to doe:
 But notwithstanding with my personall eye
 Will I looke to it.

4

Oth. *Iago* is most honest,
Michael good night, to morrow with your earliest,
 Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,

8

The Tragedy of Othello

The profits yet to come ~~twixt~~ me and you,

Good night.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre *Leutenant*, tis not yet ten a'clock : our General cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona*. who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for *Ione*.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has ?

Me thinkes it sounds a parly of prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Cas. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes --- come *Leutenant*, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres Gallants*, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago* ; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well with courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our friends, --- but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Cas. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here : I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistris dog : --- Now my sicke foole *Roderigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To

The Moore of Venice.

To *Desdemona*, hath to night caroust
 Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch
 Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
 The very Elements of this warlike Isle,
 Haue I to night flustred with flowing cups,
 And the watch too: now mongst this flocke of drunkards,
 I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,
 That may offend the Isle; *Enter Montanio, Cassio,*
But here they come: and others.

If consequence doe but approoue my dreame,
 My boate sailes freely, both with winde and streame.

Cas. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,

As I am a souldier. *Iag.* Some wine ho:

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:

A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span,

Why then let a souldier drinke. --- Some wine boyes,

Cas. Fore God an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent
 in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and your swag-bellied *Hol-*
lander; drinke ho; are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *English* man so expert in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinke you with facility, your *Dane* dead drunke:
 he sweats not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander*
 a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Leutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

Iag. O sweete *England*, --- King *Stephen* was a worthy peere,

His breeches cost him but a crowne,

He held'em sixpence all too deere,

With that he cald the Taylor lowne,

He was a wight of high renowne,

And thou art but of low degree,

Tis pride that puts the Countrey downe,

Then take thine owne clcke about thee. --- Some wine ho.

The Tragedy of Uthello

Cas. Fore God this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Cas. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things: well, God's about all, and there bee soules that must bee faued.

Iag. It is true good Leiuenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be faued.

Iag. And so doe I Leiuenant.

Cas. I, but by your leave, not before me; the Leiuenant is to be faued before the Ancient. Let's haue more of this, let's to our affaires: God forgiue vs our sins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Very well then: you must not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maisters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Casars*,

And giue direction: and doe but see his vice,

'Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,

The one as long as th'other: tis pittie of him,

I feare the trust *Othella* put him in,

On some odde time of his infirmity,

Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. 'Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe:

Hee'll watch the horolodge a double set,

If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the Generall wete put in minde of it,

Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature,

Praises the vertues that appeares in *Cassio*,

And looke not on his euils: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,

I pray you after the Leiuenant, goe.

Enter Roderigo.

Exit Rod.

Mon. And tis great pittie that the noble Moore

should

The Moore of Venice.

II.iii.

Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmitie :
It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

144

Iag. Nor I, for this faire Island :
I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within*
To cure him of this euill : but harke, what sayse.

148

Enter Cassio, drinking in Roderigo.

Cas. Zouns, you rogue, you rascall.

Mon. what's the matter Leutenant ?

Cas. A knaue, teach mee my duty : but I'll beate the knaue into
a wicker bottle. *TWIGGED -*

152

Rod. Beate me ?

Cas. Doeſt thou prate rogue ?

Mon. Good Leutenant, pray ſir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe ſir, or ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

156

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. Drunke ?

they fight.

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out and cry a muteny. *A bell rung.*
Nay good Leutenant : godſwill Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Leutenant : Sir *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maiſters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell ? Diabio --- ho,
The Towne will riſe, godſwill Leutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

160

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. Zouns, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, to the death:

164

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leutenant, ſir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, and duty :
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.

168

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this ?
Are we turn'd *Turkes* and to our ſelues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottomites* :

F

For

The Tragedy of Othello

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;
 He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
 Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion;
 Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Ile
 From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
 Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
 Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
 In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groom,
 Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
 As if some plannet had vnwitted men,
 Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
 Any beginning to this peeuishe odds;
 And would in action glorious, I had lost
 These legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be ciuill,
 The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
 The world hath noted, and your name is great,
 In men of wisest censure: what's the matter
 That you vnlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
 Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
 By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
 Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
 And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
 When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
 Assayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,

Or

The Moore of Venice.

II.iii.

Or doe but list this arme, the best of you
 Shall sinke in my rebuke : giue me to know
 How this foule rout began, who set it on,
 And he that is approou'd in this offence,
 Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
 Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
 To mannage priuate and domesticke quarrels,
 In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
 Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality affi'd, or league in office,
 Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,
 Thou art no souldier.

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
 I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,
 Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio* :
 Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall :
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
 And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him : Sir this Gentleman
 Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause ;
 My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
 The Towne might fall in fright : he swift of foote,
 Out ran my purpose : and I returnd the rather,
 For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords :
 And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,
 I ne're might see before : when I came backe,
 For this was brieft, I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
 When you your selfe did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report,
 But men are men, the best sometimes forget ;
 Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best ;

The Tragedy of Othello

244

Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

248

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

*Enter Desdemona,
with others.*

Looke if my Gentle loue be not raisde vp:
I'll make thee an example.

252

Desd. What is the matter?

Oth. All's well now sweeting:

Come away to bed: fir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;

256

Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.

Come *Desdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Iag. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

260

Cas. I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary God forbid:

Cas. Reputation, reputation, I ha lost my reputation:

264

I ha lost the immorall part fir of my selfe,
And what remaines is beaftiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

268

Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some
bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: re-
putation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit,
and lost without deseruing. You haue lost no reputation at all, vn-
lesse you repute your selfe such a loser: what man, there are wayes
to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a
punishment more in policy, then in malice, euen so, as one would
beate his offencelesse dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to
him againe, and hees yours.

276

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a
Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer:

280

284

Drunke? And speake Parrot? And squabble?

Swagger? Swear? And discourse Rustie with
ones owne shadow?

The Moore of Venice.

Ilili.

by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword?
What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iag. Ist possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in there mouthes, to steale away there braines; that wee should with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleasde the Diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the Diuell wrath; one vnperfecnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuer a morraller; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befallne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Every vnordinate cup is ynblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good Lieutenant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.

Cas. I haue well approou'd it sir, --- I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some time: I'll tell you what you shall do, -- our Generals wife is now the General; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuored and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to doe more then shee is requested. This braule betweene you and her husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue

The Tragedy of Othello

244 Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

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Looke if my Gentle loue be not raisde vp:
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Come away to bed: fir, for your hurts,
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276 beate his offencelesse dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to
him againe, and hees yours.

280 *Cas.* I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a
Comanader, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer:
O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to bee knowne
by

THE IVIOORE OF VINOC.

IIiii

by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword?
What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iag. Ist possible?

Caf. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in there mouthes, to steale away there braines; that wee should with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caf. It hath pleasde the Diuell drunkenesse, to giue place to the Diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuer a mortaler, as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so besalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Caf. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Euery vnordinate cup is ynblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

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The Tragedy of Othello

shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the virtuous *Desdemona*, to undertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iag. You are in the right:

Good night Lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*.

Exit.

Iag. And what's he then, that says I play the villain,

When this advice is free I give, and honest,

Probable to thinking, and indeed the course,

To win the Moore again? For 'tis most easie

The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,

In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,

As the free Elements: and then for her

To win the Moore, we're to renounce his baptism,

All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,

His soule is so infetter'd to her love,

That she may make, unmake, doe what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god

With his weake function: how am I then a villain?

To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallel course.

Directly to his good: divinity of hell,

When devils will their blackest sins put on,

They doe suggest at first with heavenly shewes,

As I doe now: for while this honest foole

Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:

I'll poure this pestilence into his eare,

That she repeales him for her bodys lust;

And by how much she strives to doe him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moore,

So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

And out of her owne goodnesse make the net

That shall enmesh em all:

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.

The Moore of Venice.

II.iii.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgell'd: I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, as that comes to, and no money at all, and with that wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they, that ha not patience?
What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Do'st not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheird *Cassio*,
Tho other things grow faire against the sun,
But fruites that bloesome first, will first be ripe,
Content thy selfe awhile; bi'the masse tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short:
Retire thee, goe where thou art bilited,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
I'll set her on.
My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him lumpe; when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuse by coldnesse and delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians and the Clowne.

III.i.

Cas. **M**asters, play here, I will content your paines.

Something that's brieft, and bid good morrow Generall

Clo. Why masters, ha your instruments bin at Naples, that they speake i'the nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, cold wind Instruments?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tale sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know: But
maisters,

The Tragedy of Uthello

masters heere's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you of all loues, to make no more noyse with it.

Boy. Well sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they saay, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'll away; goe, vanish away.

Cas. Doe'st thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. Preethee keepe vp thy quillers, there's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generalls wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speech -- wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to no-tifie vnto her.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted: I ha made bold *Iago*, to send in to your wife, -- my suite to her, Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*.

Procure me some accessse.

Iag. Ple send her to you presently,
And he deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse,
May be more free.

Exit.

Cas. I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde and honest:

Enter Emilla.

Em. Good mortow good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in whole some wise dome,

He

The Moore of Venice.

III.i.

He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loues you,
 And needes no other suitor but his likings,
 To take the safest occasion by the front,
 To bring you in againe.

52

Cas. Yet I beleech you,
 If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
 Giue me aduantage of some brieft discourse
 With *Desdemona* alone.

56

Em. Pray you come in,
 I will bestow you where you shall haue time,
 To speake your bosome freely.

< 4 line

CASSIO. I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.

III.ii.

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, to the Pilate,
 And by him, doe my duties to the State;
 That done, I will be walking on the workes,
 Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I'll do't.

4

Oth. This fornication Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emillia.

III.iii.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe
 All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieues my husband,
 As if the case were his.

4

Desd. O that's an honest fellow: - do not doubt *Cassio*,
 But I will haue my Lord and you againe,
 As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bountious Madame,
 What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
 Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

8

Desd. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:
 You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,
 He shall in strangest stand no farther off,
 Then in a politique distance.

12 +

G

Cas.

The Trageay of Othello

Cas. I but Lady,
The pollicy may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice, and warrish diet,
Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My Generall will forget my loue and seruice:

Desd. Doe not doubt that, before *Emillia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place; assure thee
If I doe vow a friendship, I'll performe it
To the last Article; my Lord shall neuer rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a shrift,
I'll intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Cassio's* suite; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy sooliciter shall rather die,
Then giue thee cause away.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leaue.

Desd. Why stay and heare me speake.

Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine owne purpose.

Desd. Well, doe your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What doest thou say?

Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if, I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iag. *Cassio* my Lord? -- no sure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would sneake away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.

Oth. I doe belecue twas he.

Desd. How now my Lord,
I haue beene talking with a suiter here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Desd. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord,

The Moore of Venice.

III.iii.

If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take :
For if he be not one that truly loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face,
I preethee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Desd. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I suffer with him ; good loue call him backe.

Oth. Not now sweete *Desdemona* some other time.

Desd. But shal't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner sweete for you.

Desd. Shal't be to night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to night.

Desd. To morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home,
I meete the Captaines, at the Cittadell.

Desd. Why then to morrow night, or Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday morne, or night, or Wensday morne, NOONE
I preethee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes : I faith hee's penitent,
And yet his trespasse, in our common reason,
(Saue that they say, the warres must make examples,
Out of her best) is not almost a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke : when shall he come ?

Tell me *Othello* : I wonder in my soule,
What you could aske me, that I should deny ?
Or stand so muttering on ? What *Michael Cassio* ? MARRIAGE
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time
When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to doe
To bring him in ? Birlady I could doe much.

Oth. Preethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Desd. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I should intreate you weare your gloues :

The Tragedy of Othello

Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
 Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
 To your owne person : nay, when I haue a suite,
 Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
 It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
 And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
 Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
 To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Desd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee straight.

Desd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
 What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit Desd. and Em.*

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
 But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
 Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
 Know of your loue?

Oth. He did from first to last : -- Why doest thou aske?

Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.
 No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her,

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? Indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?

Is he not honest?

Iag. Honest my Lord? *Oth.* Honest? I honest.

Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doest thou thinke?

Iag. Thinke my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? By heauen he ecchoes me.

As if there were some monster in his thought:

Too hideous to be shewne: thou didst meane something;
 I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

When

The Moore of Venice.

When *Cassio* left my wife : what didst not like ?
 And when I told thee he was of my counsell,
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed ?
 And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
 Some horrible counsell : if thou doest loue me,
 Shew me thy thought,

Iag. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou doest,

And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
 And weighest thy words, before thou giue em breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more :
 For such things in a false disloyall knaue,
 Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,
 They are close denotements, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare presume, I thinke that he is honest,

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be that they seeme,
 Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,

I preethee speake to me to thy thinkings :
 As thou doest ruminare, and giue the worst of thought,
 The worst of word.

Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;

Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
 Vtter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false :
 As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
 Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
 But some vncleanely apprehensions,
 Keepe lectures and law-dayes, and in Session sit
 With meditations lawfull ?

Oth. Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iage*,

The Tragedy of Othello

If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his eare
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,
As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not, I intreate you then,
From one that so imperfectly coniects,
You'd take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,
Out of my scattering, and vaine obseruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts,

Oth. Zouns.

Iag. Good name in man and woman's deere my Lord;
Is the immediate Iewell of our soules:
Who steales my purse, steals trash, tis something, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. By heaven I'll know thy thought.

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst tis in my custody:
O beware iealousie.

It is the greene eyd monster, which doth mocke
That meate it feedes on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loues.

Oth. O misery.

Iag. Poore and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, finelesse, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good God, the soules of all my tribe defend
From iealousie,

Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkst

I DO NOT DUBBY Y CHIEF.

Thinkst thou I'de make a life of ieaiousie?
 To follow still the changes of the Moone
 With fresh suspitions? No, to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
 When I shall turne the businesse of my soule
 To such exufflicate, and blowne surmises,
 Marching thy inference: tis not to make me ieaious,
 To say my wife is faire, seedes well, loues company,
 Is free of speech, sings, playes, and dances well;
 Where vertue is, these are more vertuous:
 Nor from mine owne weake meritts will I draw
 The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
 For she had eies, and chose me: no *Iago*,
 I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
 And on the prooffe, there is no more but this:
 Away at once with loue or ieaiousie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,
 To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,
 With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound
 Receiue it from me: I speake not yet of prooffe,
 Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*;
 Weare your eie thus, not ieaious, nor secure,
 I would not haue your free and noble nature,
 Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
 I know our Countrey disposition well,
 In *Venice* they doe let God see the pranks
 They dare shew their husbands: their best conscience,
 Is not to leaue vndone, but keepe vnkowne.

Oth. Doe'st thou say so.

Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you;
 And when she seem'd to shake and feare your looks,
 She lou'd them most. *Oth.* And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
 She that so young, could giue out such a seeming,
 To seale her fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
 He thought 'twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame,
 I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,

The Tragedy of Othello

For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dash't your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Ifaith I feare it has.

I hope you will confider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue : But I doe see you are mou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To groser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at : *Cassio's* my trusty friend :
My Lord, I see you are mou'd.

Oth. No, not much mou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point : as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends ;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion : thoughts ynnaturall.
But pardon me : I doe not in position,
Destinethly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent

Oth. Farewell, if more

Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue ; leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and kuowes more, much more then he vnfoldes.
My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

The Moore of Venice.

III. iii.

Iag. To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
 Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* haue his place,
 For sure he fills it vp with great ability:
 Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,
 Your shall by that perceiue him and his meanes;
 Note if your Lady straitie her entertainment,
 With any strong or vehement importunity,
 Much will be scene in that, in the meane time,
 Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
 As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am;
 And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
 And knowes all qualities, with a learned spirit
 Of humane dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,
 Tho that her Iesses were my deare heart strings,
 I'de whistle her off, and let her downe the wind,
 To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
 And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
 That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
 Into the valt of yeares; yet that's not much,
 Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
 Must be to lothe her: O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toad,
 And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
 Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
 For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
 Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
 Tis destiny, ynfhunnable, like death:
 Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
 When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
 If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
 Ife not beleue it.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Desd. How now my deare *Othello*?

H

Your

III.iii.

The Tragedy of Uthello

† 280 Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you invited, doe attend your presence,

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

284 *Oth.* I haue a paine vpon my forehead, here.

Des. Faith that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind your head, within this houre
It will be well againe.

288 *Oth.* Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come I'll goe in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Ex. Oth. and Desd.*
292 This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Woode me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
296 To kisse, and talke to; I'll ha the worke raine out,
And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter Iago.*
I nothing know, but for his fantasie.

300 *Iag.* How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.

Em. Ha?

† 304 *Iag.* To haue a foolish thing. *WIFE*

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkercher?

Iag. What handkercher?

Em. What handkercher?

308 Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha'tt stole it from her?

312 *Em.* No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, took't vp:
Looke here it is.

Iag. A good wench, giue it me.

Em.

The Moore of Venice.

Em. What will you doe with it, that you haue bin
So earnest to haue me filch it?

Iag. Why, what's that to you?

Em. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad,
When she shall lacke it.

Iag. Be not you knowne on't, I haue vse for it: -- go leaue me;
I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this napkin, *Exit Em.*

And let him finde it: trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast.

But with a little art, vpon the blood, *Exit Othello.*
Burne like the mindes of sulphure: I did say so:
looke where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drouisie sirrups of the world,
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oib. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?

Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.

Oib. Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know a little.

Iag. How now my Lord?

Oib. What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know'r, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to heare this.

Oib. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres:

H 2

That

III.iii.

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The Tragedy of Othello

That makes ambition vertue ; O farewell,
 Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
 The spirit- stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;
 The royall Banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
 And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
 The immortall *Joues* great clamor counterfeit;
 Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a whore,
 Be sure of it, giue me the oculer prooffe,
 Or by the worth of mans eternall soule,
 Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,
 Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it.
 That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
 To hang a doubt on : or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse.
 On horrors head, horrors accumulate :
 Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
 For nothing canst thou to damnation ad greater then that,

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
 Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence ?
 God buy you, take mine office, — O wretched foole,
 That liuest to make thine honesty a vice,
 O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe,
 I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
 I'll loue no friend, since loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
 And looses that it workes for ;

OTH. By the World,

I thinke my wife be honest, and thinke she is not:

I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not:

Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh

The Moore of Venice.

You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the superuisor grossely gape on,
Behold her ropt?

Oth. Death and damnation -- oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them bouldster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this.

Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and lone,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep,
There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio*:

In sleepe I heard him say, Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monstrons, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

The Tragedy of Othello

That makes ambition vertue : O farewell,
 Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
 The spirit- stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;
 The royall Banner, and all quality,
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Iag. Ist come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it.
 That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
 To hang a doubt on : or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
 Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse.
 On horrors head, horrors accumulate :
 Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
 For nothing canst thou to damnation ad greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
 Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence?
 God buy you, take mine office, — O wretched foole,
 That liuest to make thine honesty a vice,
 O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe,
 I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
 I'll loue no friend, since loue breedes such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
 And looses that it workes for ;
 I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
 I doe repent me that I put it to you,

You

The Moore of Venice.

You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the superuisor grossely gape on,
Behold her ropt?

Oth. Death and damnation -- oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them bouldster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this.

Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and lone,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep,
There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio*:

In sleepe I heard him say, Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monstrons, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

H 3

Oth.

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,

Iag. Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll seare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet, tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.

Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,

Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speakes against her, with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now doe I see it is time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, -- tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,
To tirranous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
For tis of Asprecks tongues.

Iag. Pray be content.

he kneeles.

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.

Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Neuer! *IAGO* LIKE TO THE PORTIENKE SEA,

Whose lie Current, and compulsive course,
Neu'r sleeps retyring ebbe, but Aspes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Love
Till that a capeable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven,

I DEVIDORE OF VENICE.

III.iii.

VVhat bloody worke so euer.

Oth. I greete thy loue :

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,
VVithin these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue,

472

Iag. My friend is dead :

Tis done as you request, but let her liue.

Oth. Dam her lewd minks : O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell : now art thou my Lieutenant.

476

Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt:

Enter Desdemonia Emilia and the Clowne.

III.iv.

Des. Do you know sirra, where the Lieutenant *Cassio* lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. VVhy man ?

Clo. He is a Souldier, and for one to say a Souldier lies, is *stabbing*.

4

Des. Go to, where lodges he ?

† *Pers*

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging,
and say he lies there, were to lie in my throat.

7

<

11

< 4 words

Desd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions
And by them answer.

16

Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

20

Clo. To doe this is within the compasse of a man, and therefore
I'll attempt the doing of it.

Exit.

Desd. VVhere should I loose that handkercher *Emilia*?

Em. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of Crusadoes : and but my noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneffe,
As iealous creatures are, it were enough,
To put him to ill thinking.

24

Em. Is he not iealous :

28

H 4

Des.

The Tragedy of Othello

+ 428

Oth. But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,
Iag. Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
 And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
 That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll teare her all to peeces.

432

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
 She may be honest yet, tell me but this,
 Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
 Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.

436

Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
 I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
 See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. Ift be that.

440

Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
 It speakes against her, with the other proofes.

444

Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
 One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
 Now doe I see tis time, looke here *Iago*,
 All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, - tis gone.
 Arise blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
 Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,
 To tirranous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
 For tis of Aspecks tongues.

448

Iag. Pray be content.

he kneeles.

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.

Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

452

Oth. Neuer *IAGO* LIKE TO THE PONTIENE SEA,

461

In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
 I here ingage my words.

Iag. Doe not rife yet:

464

Witnesse you euer-burning lights aboue,
 You Elements that clip vs round about, *Iago kneeles.*
 Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth glue vp
 The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,
 To wrong'd *Othello's* service: let him command,
 And to obey, shall be remorse,

468

I DEVIOT OF VENICE.

III.iii.

What bloody worke so euer.

Orb. I grette thy loue :

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,

VVithin these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio*'s not aliue,

Iag. My friend is dead :

Tis done as you request, but let her liue.

Orb. Dam her lewd minks : O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell : now art thou my Leiuenant.

Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemonia Emilia and the Clowne.

Des. Do you know sirra, where the Leiuenant *Cassio* lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. VVhy man?

Clo. He is a Souldier, and for one to say a Souldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to, where lodges he?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging,
and say he lies there, were to lie in my throate.

Desd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions
And by them answer.

Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To doe this is within the compasse of a man, and therefore
I'll attempt the doing of it.

Exit.

and kereber Emilia?

my puasc

Moore

asenselle,

h,

Des.

The Tragedy of Othello

Desd. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter Othello.*

Em. Looke where he comes.

Des. I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdomona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse and liberall heart,
Not hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For heere's a young and swetting diuell here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herral dry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promise.

Oth. What promise chucked?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and fullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkercher,

Des. Here my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me

Oth. Not.

Des. No faith my Lord.

Oth. Thats a fault: that handkercher
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,

The Moore of Venice

III. iv.

Intirely to her loue : But if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it : my fathers eye
 Should hold her lothely, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies: she dying, gaue it me,
 And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
 To giue it her; I did so, and take heede on't,
 Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
 To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

64

68

Desd. I't possible ?

Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
 A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
 The Sun to make two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke ;
 The wormes were ballowed that did breed the silke,
 And it was died in Mummy, with the skilfull
 Conserues of maidens hearts.

72

Des. Ifaith i't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

76

Des. Then would to God, that I had neuer seene it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore?

Des. Why doe you speake so startingly and rashly.

Oth. I't lost ? i't gone ? speake, is it out o'the way?

80

Des. Heauen bleffe vs.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were ?

Oth. Ha.

84

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,

Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
 This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
 I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd againe.

88

Oth. Fetch me that handkercher, my mind misgiues.

Des. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkercher.

92

Des. I pray talke me of *Cassio*.

Oth. The handkercher.

I

Des.

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shard dangers with you.

96 *Oth.* The handkercher.

Des. Ifaith you are too blame.

Oth. Zouns.

Exit.

Em. Is not this man iealous?

100 *Des.* I ne're saw this before:

Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,
I am most vnhappy in the losse.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

104 *Em.* Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.

108 *Iag.* There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.

Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

112 *Cas.* Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:

116 If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That seither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity

Can ransom me, into his loue againe

But to know so, must be my benefit,

120 So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.

Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
124 My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred.
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,

And

The Moore of Venice

III. iv.

And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while be patient;
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the Diuell) from his very arme,
Pust his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meete him,
There's matter in't indeede, if he be angry.

Desd. I preethee do so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so: for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull members,
Euen to that sence of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: bestrew me much *Emillia*,
I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule;
But now I finde, I had subbornd the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.

Em. Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.

Desd. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

The Tragedy of Othello

Desd. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'll moue your suite, *Exeunt Desd.*
And seeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *and Emillia.*

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you my most faire *Bianca*?

If faith sweete loue I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging *Cassio*;
What keepe a weeke away? seuen daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
No weary reckoning.

Cas. Pardon me *Bianca*,

I haue this while with laden thoughts bin prest,

But I shall in a more conuenient time,

Strike off this score of absence: sweete *Bianca*,

Take me this worke out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend,
To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,
It cometo this?

Cas. Go to woman,

Throw your vile ghesſes in the diuels teeth,

From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,

That this is from some mistriffe, some remembrance.

No by my faith *Bianca*,

Bian. Why who's is it?

Cas. I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,

I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,

Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you, wherefore?

Cas. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

The Moore of Venice.

To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. But that you doe not loue me :

I pray you bring me on the way alittle,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Caf. Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le see you soone.

Bian. Tis very good, I must be circumstance'd.

Exeunt,

Actus. 4.

Enter Iago and Othello,

Iag. Will you thinke so ?

Oth. Thinke so *Iago.*

Iag. What, to kisse in priuate ?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.

Oth. Naked abed *Iago*, and not meane harme ?
It is hypocrisie against the diuell :

They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen:

Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall flip ;
But if I giue my wife a handkercher.

Oth. What then ?

Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectres of her honour to,
May she giue that ?

Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not scene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not :
But for the handkercher.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,

The Tragedy of Othello

Boding to all.) He had my handkercher.

Iag. I, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now,

Iag. What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?

Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)

Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,

Or by the voluntary dotage of some mistris,

Conuined, or supplied them, cannot chuse,

But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,

No more then hee'll vnsweare.

Oth. What hath he sayd?

Iag. Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.

Oth. But what? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely

her; lye with her, Zounds, that's fulsome, handkerchers, Confession,

handkerchers.

He falls downe.

To confesse, and be Rang'd for his labour.

First, to be Rang'd, and then to confesse: I tremble at it.

Nature would not invest her selfe in such shadowing

passion without some instruction. Is it not

words that shakes me thus, (pish) Noes, Ears,

and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefs?

O diuell.

How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doeft thou mocke me?

Iag.

The Moore of Venice.

IV.1.

Iag. I mocke you? no by Heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.

Oth. Did he confesse?

Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,
And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here ere while, mad with your griefe,
A passion most vsfuting such a man,
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scuse, vpon your extacy,
Bid him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promise: but incaue your selfe,
And marke the Iceres, the Iibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his ieaasure, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doeest thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But doeest thou heare, most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all; will you withdraw?

The Tragedy of Othello

Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.

Iag. I, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
Or by the voluntary dotage of some mistris,
Conuinc'd, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.

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Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely
her; lye with her, Zouns, that's fulsome, handkerchers, Confession,
hankerchers.

He falls downe.

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are
caught, and many worthy and chaste dames, euen thus all guilelesse,
meete reproach; What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*, -- how
now *Cassio*.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is false into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iag. No, forbear,

The Lethergie, must haue his quiet course,
If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke he stirres:
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight, when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doeest thou mocke me?

Iag.

The Moore of Venice.

IV. i.

Iag. I mocke you? no by Heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.

Oth. Did he confesse?

Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:
O tis the spire of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,
And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here ere while, mad with your grieffe,
A passion most vnfitting such a man,
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scuse, vpon your extacy,
Bid him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promise: but incaue your selfe,
And marke the Iceres, the Iibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his ieaasure, many patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doeest thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But doeest thou heare, most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all; will you withdraw?

The Tragedy of Othello.

96

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
 A hufwife that by selling her desires,
 Buys her selfe bread and cloathes : it is a Creature,
 That dot es on *Cassio* : as tis the strumpets plague
 To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent. Cassio*;
 He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine

100

From the excesse of laughter : here he comes :

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall goe mad,

And his vnbookish ielousie must confter

Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behauour,

104

Quite in the wrong : How doe you now Leiuenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
 Whose want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't .

108

Now if this suite lay in *Bianca's* power,

How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas poore Catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man so.

112

Cas. Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith she lottes me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Cassio* ?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,

Goe to, well said.

Iag. She giues it out that you shall marry her,

Doe you intend it ?

120

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph ?

3 words >

124

Cas. I marry her? I prethee beare some charity to my wit,

Doe not thinke it so vnwholesome : ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so, laugh that wins.

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you shall marry her.

128

Cas. Preethee say true.

Iag. I am a very villaine else.

+

Oth. Ha you flor'd me well.

132

Cas. This is the monkies own giuing out, she is perswaded I wil
 marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth.

The Moore of Venice.

IV.i.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cas. She was heere euen now, shee haunts me in euery place, I was tother day, talking on the sea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, by this hand she fals thus about my neck.

140

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were: his iecture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me; so haies, and pulis me, ha, ha, ha.

144

Oth. Now he tells how shee pluckt him to my Chamber, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Cas. Well, I must leaue her company.

Enter Bianca.

148

Iag. Before me, looke where she comes,

CAS. Tis such another ficho; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane by this hanting of me.

152 + *Pers.*

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane by that same handkercher, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I must take out the whole worke, a likely peece of worke, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horse, wherefouer you had it, I'll take out no worke on't.

156

Cas. How now my sweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that should be my handkercher.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

Exit.

168

Iag. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith I must, shee'll raile i'the streete else.

Iag. Will you sup there?

172

Cas. Faith I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very faine speake with you.

Cas. Preethee come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, say no more.

Exit Cassio.

176

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago*?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?

180

Oth. O *Iago*,

Iag. And did you see the handkercher?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. YVES BY THIS HAND: AND TELL HER HE SAID SHE HAD
WOMAN YOUR LIFE? SHE SAID IT HIM, AND HE HATH GIVEN IT *Iag.* *THE WHORE*

184

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. I would haue him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be dam'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him tasks.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauagenesse out of a Beare; of so hye and plentious wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worfe for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, the pittie.

Ia. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes --- cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight.

A Trumpet.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the Duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod.

The Moore of Venice.

IV. 1.

Lod. God saue the worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greete you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good counsell *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: -- welcome to *Cypres*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir.

Des. Counsell, there's falne betweene him and my Lord,
An vkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will. --

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:

Is there diuision betweene thy Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most ynhappy one, I would doe much

To attonne them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Desd. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;

For as I thinke, they doe command him home,

Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Desd. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Duell.

Des. I haue not deferu'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,

Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,

Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Duell, Duell,

If that the earth could teeme with womens teares

Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:

K 2

Out

240

244

248

252

256

The Tragedy of Othello

Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady :

I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistresse.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir?

Lod. Who, I my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne :

Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet go on,

And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;

And shee's obedient, as you say, obedient;

Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,

Concerning this sir: O well painted passion :

I am commanded here : -- get you away,

Ile send for you anon : -- Sir, I obey the mandat,

And will returne to *Venice* : --- hence, auant,

Cassio shall haue my place; and sir to night

I doe intreate that we may sup together,

You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, -- goates and monkies.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate

Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,

Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance

Could neither graze, nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my censure,

What he might be, if as he might, he is not,

I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iag. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew

That stroake would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his vs?

Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.

And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas.

It

The Moore of Venice.

It is not honesty in me to speake,
 What I haue seene and knowne, you shall obserue him,
 And his owne courses will denote him so,
 That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after,
 And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello and Emillia.

Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.

Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made vp betweene 'em.

Oth. What, did they neuer whisper?

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing?

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest;
 Lay downe my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
 Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
 If any wretch ha put this in your head,
 Let heauens requite it with the Serpents curse,
 For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy, the purest of her Sex
 Is soule as slander.

Exit Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
 She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
 That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
 A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
 And yet shee'll kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray chucked come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

K 3

Oth.

IV. i.

288

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IV. ii.

1

8

12

16

20

24

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. Let me see your eyes -- looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function mistrisfe,
 Leauē procreants alone, and shut the dore,
 Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
 Your mistery, your mistery: nay dispatc. *Exit Em.*

Des. Vpon my knees, what does your speech import?
 I vnderstand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.

Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
 Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselves
 Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd,
 Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truly know it.

Oth. Heauen truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
 Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?

Is haply you my father doe suspect,
 An Instrument of this your calling backe,
 Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,
 Why I haue left him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
 To try me with affliction, had he ram'd
 All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
 Given to captiuitie, me and my hopes,
 I should haue found in some part of my soule
 A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
 To point his slow vnmouing fingers at -- oh, oh,
 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
 But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart.
 Where either I must liue, or beare no life,

The

The Moore of Venice.

IV. ii.

The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
 Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
 Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
 To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
 Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
 I here looke grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Osb. O I, as summers flies, are in the shambles,
 That quicken euen with blowing:
 O thou blacke weede, why art so louely faire?
 Thou smell'st so sweete, that the fence akes at thee,
 Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?

Osb. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
 Made to write whore on? --- What, committed?

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,

I should make very Forges of my cheekes,

That would to Cyders burne up Modestie,

Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
 From any nated route vnawrun touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Osb. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be faued.

Enter Emilia;

Osb. Ist possible?

Des. O heauen forgiuenesse.

Osb. I cry you mercy,

I tooke you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with *Oshello*: you mistrisse,

That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,

And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;

We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,

I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue?

The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. Let me see your eyes -- looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function mistrisfe,
 Leauē procreants alone, and shut the dore,
 Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
 Your mistery, your mistery: nay dispatc. *Exit Em.*

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 Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd,
 Sweare thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truly know it.

Oth. Heauen truly know

Des. To whom, my Lord

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away

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Giuen to captiuiety, me and my hopes,

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To point his slow vnmouing fingers at -- oh, oh,

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But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart.

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Thou smell'st so sweete, that the fence akes at thee,
Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore on? --- What, committed?
Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winks,
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hallow mine of earth,
And will not hear't: --- what committed, impudent strumpet.

Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,
From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saued.

Enter Emilia;

Oth. Ist possible?

Des. O heauen forgiuenesse.

Oth. I cry you mercy,

Iooke you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with *Othello*: you mistrisse,

That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,

And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;

We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,

I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*

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The Tragedy of Othello

How doe you Madam, how doe you my good Lady?

Des. Faith halfe asleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Em. Why with my Lord Madam.

Des. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,

I cannot weepe, nor answer haue I none,

But what should goe by water: preethee to night

Lay on my bed our wedding sheetes, remember,

And call thy husband higher.

Em. Here is a change indeed.

Exit.

Des. Tis meete I should be wise so, very well;

How haue I bin bebau'd, that he might sticke

The smallest opinion, on my greatest abuse.

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam,

Enter Iago.

How itt with you?

and Emillia.

Des. I cannot tell: those that doe teach young babes

Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes,

He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,

I am a child at chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,

As true hearts cannot beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago*?

Iag. What name faire Lady?

Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was?

Em. He call'd her whore: A begger in his drinke,

Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Caller.

Iag. Why did he so?

Des. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,

Her Father, and her Countrey, all her friends,

To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beshrew him for it; how comes this tricke vpon him?

Desd.

I DE L'VOLUME OF VENICE.

IV.ii.

Des. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, coulsening slaue, to get some office,
Hauē not deuilde this slander, I'le be hang'd else.

Iag. Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heauen pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why should he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what for me, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some outrageous knaue:
Some base notorious knaue, some scuruy fellow,
O heauen, that such companions thoudst vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascall naked through the world,
Euen from the East to the West.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wir, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Des. O Good *Iago*,
VVhat shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I lost him.

If ere my will did trespassse 'gainst his Love,
Either in discourse of thought, ~~or~~ actall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sense
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euen did,
And euen will, (though he do shake me off

The Tragedy of Othello

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Des. With who?

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Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Bestrewe him for it; how comes this trickes vpon him?

Des.

THE TRAGEDIE OF VENICE.

IV.ii.

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That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Des. O Good *Iago*,
VVhat shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I lost him.

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. Ife were no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you;
Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper,
And the great Messengers of Venice stay,
Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well. *Exit women.*
How now *Roderigo*? *Enter Roderigo.*

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. VVhat in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day, thou dostest me, with some deuise *Iago*;

L

And

The Tragedy of Othello

And rather, as it seemes to me, thou keepest from me,
 All conueniency, then suppliest me, with the least
 Advantage of hope : I will indeed no longer indure it,
 Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already
 I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,
 And performance are no kin together,

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes : the Iewels you haue
 had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted
 a Votarist : you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd mee
 expectation, and comforts, of suddaine respect, and acquittance, but
 I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well,
 by this hand, I say tis very seuruy, and begin to finde my selfe fopt
 in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well : I will make my selfe knowne to
Desdemona, if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my
 suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if noc, assure your selfe
 I'll seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment
 of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this
 time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me
 thy hand *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most iust concep-
 tion, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy affaires.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspicion is
 not without wit and iudgement : But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that
 within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to belecue now,
 then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if
 thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee
 from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod.

The Moore of Venice.

IV. ii.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse ?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so
determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him ?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe,

Iag. I; and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sleeps
to night with a harlot, and thither will I goe to him ; --- he knowes
not yet of his honourable fortune : if you will watch his going
thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one,
you may take him at your pleasure : I will be neere to second your
attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs : come, stand not amaz'd
at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his
death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him, it is
now high supper time, and the night growes to wast : about it.

Enter *Othello*, *Desdemona*, *Lodowico*, *Emilia*,
and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Ex. Iag. and Rod.*

Lod. I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladieship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir : --- O *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith,
dispatch your Attendant there, --- looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now ? he lookes gentler then he did.

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Des

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IV. iii.

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8

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We must not now displease him.

Em. I would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.

Des. All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee throwd me
In one of those same sheetes.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that Song to night,

Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one side

And sing it like poore *Brabantio*: prythee dispatch.

ÆMI. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

DES. No, un-pin me here,

This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

ÆMIL. A very handsome man.

DES. He speaks well.

ÆMIL. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd bare-
foot to Palestine for a touch of his sweethearts lip.

DES. The poore Soule

The Moore of Venice.

IV.iii.

tures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or Petticotes, nor Caps, nor any such exhibition; but for the whole world? vds pitty, who would not make her husband a Cuckole, to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a wrong,
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

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But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults

If Wives do fall: (say, that they slacke their duties,

And poure our Treasures into foraigne laps;

Or else breake out in peevish Tealousies,

Vi.

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The Tragedy of Othello

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisſe you.

Em. Dismisſe me?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. I would you had neuer ſeene him.

Des. So would not I, my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubborneneſſe, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied theſe ſheetes you bade me, on the bed.

Des. All's one good faith: how fooliſh are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheetes.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he ſhe lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forſake her, ſhe has a ſong of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſſt her fortune,

And ſhe died ſinging it, that ſong to night,
Will not goe from my mind -- harke, who's that knocks?

Em. It is the wind.

Des. Now get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Des. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed, for all the world?

Em. Why would not you.

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,
I might doe it as well in the darke.

Des. Would thou doe ſuch a thing for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a ſmall vice.

Des. Good troth I thinke thou wouldſt not.

Em. By my troth I thinke I ſhould, and vndo't when I had done
it, mary I would not doe ſuch a thing for a ioynt ring; or for mea-
ſures.

The Moore of Venice.

IV.iii.

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For the whole world.

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The Moore of Venice.

IV.iii.

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The Moore of Venice.

IV.iii.

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Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

Des. Good night good night: God me such vsage send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5.

Vi.

Enter Iago and Roderigo,

Iag. Here stand behind this Bulke, strait he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'll be at thy elbow;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe most firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the dead;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young gnat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry now: whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Jewells, that I beed from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,

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V.i.

The Tragedy of Othello

He has a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
 May vnfold me to him; there stand I in perill:
 No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming. *Ent. Cas.*

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou diest.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
 But that my coate is better then thou think'st,
 I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. O I am slaine.

Cas. I am maid for euer, light ho, murder, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and Iust,

That hast such noble fence of thy friends wrong,
 Thou teachest me; -- minion, your deare lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace; strumper I come;
 Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotred,
 Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted. *Ex.*

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder

Grat. Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.

Cas. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
 These may be counterfeits, let's think't vn safe
 To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons,

Iag. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder:

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Cas. Here, here, for heauens sake helpe me.

Iag.

The Moore of Venice.

V.i.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here, that cry so greivously?

Cas. *Iago*, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me some helpe.

Iag. O my Lieutenant: what villaines haue done this?

Cas. I thinke the one of them is heere about,
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:

What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.

Rod. O, helpe me here.

Cas. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous slaue, O villaine.

Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, -- o, o, o.

Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where be those bloody theecues?
How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:

What may you be, are you of good or cuill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iag. Seignior *Lodowico*.

Lod. He sir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villaines.

Grat. *Cassio*.

Iag. How is it brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho, who ist that cried?

Iag. Who ist that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Cassio*, O my sweete *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. O notable strumper: *Cassio* may you suspect
Who they should be, that thus haue mangled you?

Cas. No.

Grat. I am sorry to find you thus, I haue bin to seeke you.

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this trash

V.i.

I he I rageay of Othello

To beare a part in this : patience a while good *Cassio* :

Lend me a light ; know we this face, or no ?

Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man :

Roderigo ? no, yes sure : O heauen *Roderigo*.

Gra. What of *Venice*?

Iag. Euen he sit, did you know him ?

Gra. Know him ? I.

Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardons
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How doe you *Cassio* ? O a chaire, a chaire.

Gra. *Roderigo*.

Iag. He, tis he : O that's well said, a chaire :
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ple fetch the Generalls Surgeon : for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you ?

Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale ? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse ?
Doe you perceiue the ieaasures of her eye,
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon :
Behold her well I pray you, looke ypon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen ? Nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vs. *Enter Em.*

Em. 'Las what's the matter ? what's the matter husband ?

Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio*, where he sapt to night :
What, doe you shake at that ?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie, fie vpon thee thrumper.

Bian.

I NE LVIORE OF V EDICE.

V.i.

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.

Em. As I : fough, fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* dress,
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.

124

Emilia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt :
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,
That either markes me, or foredoes me quite.

128

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Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light.

V.ii.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres :
It is the cause, yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
And smooth, as monumentall Alablaster ;
Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light :
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe, thy former light restore,
Should I repent me ; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excellling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light returne : when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needes wither ; I'll smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword once more,
Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after : once more, and this the last, *He*
So sweete was ne're so fatall : I must weepe, *kisses her.*
But they are cruell teares ; this sorrowes heavenly,
It strikes when it does loue : she wakes,

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Des. Who's there, *Othello* ?

Oth. I, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed my Lord ?

24

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona* ?

M

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. I my Lord:

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Sollicite for it fraite.

Des. Alas my Lord, what may you meane by that?

Oth. Well doe it, and be brieft, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you, for you are farall then,
When your eyes roule so. why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltineffe I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.

Des. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

Des. That death's vanaturall, that kills for louing,
Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will, so, what's the matter?

Oth. That handkercher which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gauest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweete soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot

THE IVIIORE OF V. CIIET.

V.ii.

Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong conceit,
That I doe groane wichall: thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say Amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life, -- neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrant of heauen,
As I might loue: I neuer gaue him token.

Oth. By heauen I saw my handkercher in his hand,
O periured woman, thou dost stone thy heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,
I saw the handkercher.

Des. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
And let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath --- vds death.

Des. How, vnlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.

Des. My feare interprets then, -- what is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin liues,
My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.

Des. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.

Oth. O strumper, -- weepest thou for him to my face?

Des. O bannish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumper.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, an you strue.

Des. But halfe an houre, but while I say one prayer.

Oth. Tis too late.

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord. *Emillia calls within.*

Em. My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

M 2

Oth

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VII.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,

I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- so, so.

Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you.

Oth. Yes, tis *Emilia*, by and by : shee's dead :

Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassios* death ;

The noyse was here ; ha, no more mouing,

Still as the graue : shall she come in? were't good?

I thinke she stirres againe; no, what's the best?

If she come in, shee'll sure speake to my wife.

My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;

O insupportable : O heauy houre.

Me thinks it should be now a huge Ecclyps

Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,

Should yawne at alteration.

Em. I doe beseech you I may speake with you, - good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee : O come in *Emilia*.

Soft, by and by ; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent. Emil.*

Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?

Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What, now?

Em. But now my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,

She comes more neere the earth, then she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And sweeter reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.

Em. O Lord, what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Em. Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce;

Helpe,

THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweete *Desdemona*, O sweete Mistresse speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

Des. No body, I my selfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *she dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

Em. She sayd so, I must needes report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning Hell,

'Twas I that kild her.

Em. O, the more Angell she,

And you the blacker diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Em. Thou doest bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou as rash as fire,

To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,

O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed, vpon iust grounds,

To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlocke?

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,

If heauen would make me such another world,

Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,

I'de not haue sold her for it.

Em. My husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me first,

An honest man he is, and hates the slime,

That sticks on filthy deedes.

Em. My husband?

Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule

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The Tragedy of Othello

Rot halfe a graine a day : he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Doe thy worst,

This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt : O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt ; thou hast done a deed ---
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues : helpe, helpe, O helpe ;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ? how now Generall ?

Em. O, are you come *Iago* ? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

All. What is the matter ?

Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man ;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine :
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

Em. But did you euer tell him she was false ?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie ;
Vpon my soule, a lie, a wicked lie :
She false with *Cassio* ; did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse ; go to, charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.

Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.

Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now :
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Oth. fals on the bed.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and sore,

For

THE IVIORE OF V. C. I. C. C.

For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. O she was foule :

I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopr,
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy march was mortall to him, and pure griefe,
Shore his old thread atwane : did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed ; *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With the recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her ; I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkercher ; an Antiqu token
My father gaue my mother.

Em. O God, O heauenly God.

Iag. Zouns, hold your peace.

Em. 'Twill out, 'twill : I hold my peace fir, no,
I'll be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speake.

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He beg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.

The Tragedy of Othello

Iag. Filth thou liest.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe ! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman ?

The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder ? pretious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my mistresse side. *Exit Iago.*

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore :
Come, guard the dore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather, I'll after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slaue. *Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipster gets my sword,
But why should honour out liue honesty ?
Let it goe all.

Em. Moore, she was chaste, she lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my soule to blisse, as I speake true ;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *she dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spaine, the Isebrookes temper,
O here it is ; Vncle I must come forth. *Gra. within.*

Gra. If thou atremp't it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh : I haue seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you stop : but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his Fate ? tis not so now,

The Moore of Venice.

V.ii.

Pale as thy smocke, when we shall meete at court,
This looke of thine, will hurle my soule from heauen,
And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold my girl,
Euen like thy chastity; O cursed slaue:

Whippe me you Diuells,
From the possession of this heauenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,
Wash me in sleepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:

O *Desdemona*, *Desdemona* dead, O, o, o.

*Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, and Officers
Cassio in a Chaire.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man.

Orb. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is this Viper, bring the villaine forth.

Orb. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If thou beest a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wring his sword from him.

Iag. I bleed sir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my sense tis happinesse to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,
Falne in the practise of a damned slaue,
What should be said to thee?

Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will:
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. I.

Cas. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cause.

Oth. I doe beleue it, and I aske you pardon,
Will you pray, demand that deny diuell,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know,
From this time forth I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What not to pray?

Grat. Torments will open your lips.

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Oth.

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The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. Well, thou doest best.

Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
 308 Which, as I thinke you know not : here is a letter,
 Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
 And here another; the one of them imports
 311-2 The death of *Cassio*; to be vnderooke --- by *Roderigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
 Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
 316 *Roderigo* meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
 But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke
 Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catieffe !
 How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,
 320 That was my wifes ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber,
 And he himselfe confest it euen now,
 That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose ;
 Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigos* letter
 How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
 Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came ,
 That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
 328 After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 332 And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres* : for this slaue,
 If there be any cunning cruelty,
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,
 It shall be his : you shall close prisoner rest,
 336 Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
 To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
 I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't ;

The Moore of Venice.

V.ii.

No more, of that : I pray you in your letters,
 When you shall these vn lucky deedes relate,
 Speake of them as they are ; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set downe ought in malice, then must you speake,
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well :
 Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
 Perplext in the extreame ; of one whose hand,
 Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
 Richer then all his Tribe : of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
 Drops teares as fast as the *Arabian* trees,
 Their medicinall gum ; set you downe this,
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a *Malignant* and a *Turband Turke*,
 Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State ;
 I tooke his throte the circumcised dog,
 And smore him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Orb. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
 Killing my selfe, to die vpon a kisse. *He dies.*

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartane dog,
 More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea,
 Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed :
 This is thy worke, the obie&t poisons fight,
 Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
 And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore :
 For they succeed to you, to you Lord Gouvernour,
 Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
 The time, the place, the torture : O inforce it,
 My selfe will strait aboard, and to the State,
 This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

